

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

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Mr NELSON VARLEY, having finished his Engagements in the United States, has returned to London, where his purposes remaining during the Winter. For Concert Engagements, Oratorios, &c., address, Mr NELSON VARLEY, 7, Saunders' Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

Miss ADA LESTER, Pianist (of M. Rivière's Concerts, at the Royal Italian Opera House), is free to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts in Town or Country. Address, Miss ADA LESTER, care of Messrs DUNCAN & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

Madame LOUISE LIEBHART

begs to announce that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Lessons, &c., may be addressed to her residence, No. 21, Grove End Road, St John's Wood, N.W.

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[July 25, 1874.]

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(Copy of Letter from Sir Julius Benedict.)

2, Manchester Square, W., April 27th, 1874.

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RÊVERIE for the PIANOFORTE.

Composed by LILLIE ALBRECHT.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"A 'Maiden's Sigh' has been many a time musically illustrated before Lillie Albrecht undertook the task; nevertheless, she has done well."—*The Graphic*.

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"Pianists will find in Lillie Albrecht's 'Reverie,' 'The Maiden's Sigh,' an acceptable little morceau."—*Sunday Times*.

"The Maiden's Sigh,' Reverie for the Pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht, is a graceful little piece by a juvenile pianist, whose clever performances have lately attracted much attention."—*Illustrated London News*.

VERDI'S REQUIEM.

In accordance with our promise in last week's number of the *Musical World*, we now give the article from *La Gazette Musicale* on Verdi's most recent work.

"The principal impression remaining, after we have listened religiously to the new masterpiece, is everywhere the same, and we have seen it piercing through all the lyric outbursts in the notices and criticisms published both by home and foreign papers: this is a mass not resembling other masses; it has a physiognomy of its own. At every page, even when the inspiration becomes entwined in the sinuosities of the fugue, we hear people say: 'Ecce Deus! Behold Verdi!' The satirists may cry out scandal, because they wish even genius to put on the black cassock, and enter the flock of imitators; they vociferate the most holy maxim that: all are equal before plain-song. But, to everyone who does not feel round his head the iron circle of certain consecrated maxims of formalism, it is clear that this is the grand merit of the new mass, and that Verdi could not have done, and ought not to have done, otherwise.

"An excellent critic, Sig. Filippi, has gone so far in maintaining this principle as almost to twist into something deserving censure what ought to be regarded worthy of the highest praise. He justifies the dramatic form in Verdi's sacred composition by uttering the following trifle: the religious sentiment of yore no longer exists; the blind and brutal faith of former days has disappeared. But this is not true; religious sentiment does fortunately still exist, and too much, also, among the immense majority of the ignorant, exists the blind and brutal faith of the ninth century. What has disappeared, at least for those who think, is the veneration of form and of the ritual; the substance of religion remains rooted in the hearts of all, even in the heart of him who doubts in order not to let his reason lie idle, only ceremonies have lost their prestige; the gods are not leaving us, as an impatient chronicler has hastened to tell the world; it is the priests and the monks who are doing so; the mist of the middle ages is clearing away, but the light of all time remains; churches and monasteries are shaken, but there is left the azure dome, in which the stars perform the solemn ritual of ages. Religious songs, which originally were dull, monotonous, heavy, oppressive by their length, and careless about any accent save the accent of solemnity, have been gradually transformed, and, so to speak, humanised. And this reformation was not begun to-day, systematically, from a spirit of philosophic rebellion, and out of antagonism to religious worship, but begun ages ago from the very nature of things; the day on which the choruses of the faithful replied from the nave to the priests, there was heard the first piercing cry, the first accent of real grief, and the first cantilena made open war upon plain song. This solemn but empty style was, it is true, adapted to the ceremonies of the priests; it was, like other things, a part of the ritual, and had, of course, to be incomprehensible like all the other forms of a faith which cannot be understood; the majestic and imperceptibly modulated vociferation must have seemed a strange dialogue between God and the priest; it was, at all events, a strange kind of music. The great musicians who wrote real music for masses, psalms, and so on, diverged from this mysterious style; in the accents of Palestrina are the movements of suffering humanity.

"Now-a-days, formalism, the greatest strength of the Roman Catholic religion, has felt the blows of philosophy; it has been shaken by its heresies of revolution, and discredited by the querulous stubbornness of its own defenders; the measured music of other days has no longer sufficient strength to make itself honoured, just as it never had authority in matters of feeling or aesthetic. But this does not mean that there were formerly two kinds of music, and that the music of the church must necessarily be opposed in form and feeling to the other, as is pretended by some who deal out aesthetic like pills.

"For everyone who reasons with his own brain, for everyone who, not satisfied with existing authorities, attributes to traditions their just value, and seeks in the past only the method of unfolding the present, and a reason for greater independence in the laws of the future, music is one and the same, that is to say: inspired, learned, elegant, and affectionate, according to the mind which creates it, but it is free and unshackled; if it is joined to words, seeming to interpret, comment on, and illustrate it, such unique music corresponding to the unique type of the beautiful, is called dramatic music. I could easily cite a hundred examples of sacred music of this kind in the operas of the modern repertory. The pages of *Le Prophète*, of *Faust*, of *L'Africaine*, of *Aida*, of *La Juive*, of *Mose*, and of numerous other scores which, to save space, I will not name, are plainly stupendous examples of music which is, at one and the same time, sacred and dramatic.

And what more solemn and grandiose drama can there be than a mass for the dead?

The voice which invokes eternal peace for the Departed, which foretells the tremendous day of judgment, which announces and describes the opening of the tombs at the sounds of the trumpets, and the astonishment of death and nature, and the groans of the guilty, and the

majesty of the Judge, and the damnation of the rejected—that voice finds accents which vibrate in the human heart, be it Roman Catholic or not Roman Catholic, because it represents to the mind the obscure enigma of another life which is the base of every religion. No, the modern drama, with all its allurements, with all its febrile excitement of adulteresses, and all the race of bastards in their train, was never more effective than this same voice. Materialists alone (and genuine materialists are rare) may smile at such fancies, but all the rest of the human race, to whatever religion they may belong, must feel its mysterious fascination.

"What has Verdi done? In the first place he has not departed from the traditional forms, except in so far as was requisite to profit by the increased power of the orchestral elements; but, making frequent use of the classical form of the fugue, and investing primitive counterpoint with renewed youth, at one time he has not scrupled to interrupt the fugue with an orchestral outburst, on which is the impress of his genius, and, at another, to give the counterpoint caressing and elegant forms corresponding to his taste as an artist; we have form, but not form only; the idea predominates; it has entered the old garments, and so adapted them round its body that they appear something new, which affords cause for scandal to the clericals. What would have been said of the author of *Aida*, if, when giving us mass, he had restricted himself to the orchestral resources of the famous time of Palestrina, as a mark of homage to the so-called classicism of that giant, who, in his own day, was assuredly looked upon as an innovator by sundry fanatics for the Gregorian chant?

"It is time to come to an understanding, if we would arrive at any really practical and useful result. The musty distinctions between music for the church and music for the stage are merely verbal distinctions, with no other foundation than the locality of the performance; good sense and aesthetics have nothing to do with the matter. As regards its merit, music admits of no classification beyond that of Rossini: beautiful or ugly; unless it be this one: dramatic or not dramatic, that is, well-adapted, or ill-adapted to the words and to the situations.

"To come to the particulars of Verdi's new masterpiece, I believe I may at present assert, with the consciousness of bestowing the greatest praise upon the composer, that the whole of his music is eminently sacred and dramatic.

"Listen to the 'Requiem': it begins with a most gentle whispering of the violins; to this succeed solemn and murmuring voices, which, when they sing the praises of the Lord, respond to, and follow, each other; here we have the classic fugue, but with what shrewdness and dramatic appropriateness employed! Then the four principal voices implore pity in the 'Kyrie,' alternately taking up the invocation, in the midst of a delicious orchestral movement.

"It is the day of wrath; this is announced by the brisk snatches of the stringed instruments accompanied by the dull thunder of the big drum; then, in the track of these voices of nature, which is being rent asunder, there succeeds the long and continuous cry of humanity awakening to its immortal destiny, a cry which is simultaneously terror, wonder, desire, and affrighted anxiety. This first part of the 'Dies Irae' is really something extraordinarily effective. In the 'Tuba mirum,' the orchestra describes graphically the grandeur of the day. The trumpets of the Judgment re-echo from all sides; their sounds combine with, or are opposed to, each other, till they become overwhelming, and, when this wild tumult has ceased, the voice of the bass is introduced to describe the stupor of astonishment felt by nature and by death at the sight of those who have risen again. The description of this astonishment is accomplished by means of certain intervals between one word and another, and I do not know which is the greater, the effect itself or the simplicity of the means by which it is obtained. This is succeeded by another most admirable fugue on the words: 'Liber scriptus,' and then begins the most harrowing part of the 'Dies Irae.' The following short trio is full of melancholy; grand is the effect of the quartet and chorus, 'Rex tremenda'; and stupendous, the 'Recordare,' in the form of a duet between the soprano and the mezzo-soprano; the prayer to Jesus could not have found more expressive accents; the lamentation of the sinner in the tenor solo is most touching, and forms a grand contrast with the 'Confutatis maledictis,' which the bass Maini burls forth with the impetuosity of an implacable inquisitor, or of a Mephistopheles seizing his prey. In the 'Lacrymosa' we first hear once more the descriptive orchestral movement, and then the stupendous epic closes with the quartet once again invoking pity and peace. Each of the parts of which we have given an idea is in itself most admirable; but we have here to do not merely with the beauty of Verdi's conception; the sublimity of the work consists in the harmony of all the parts when taken together, in the profound sentiment which predominates in it from beginning to end, and in the philosophy, neither niggardly nor petty, with which every terzina is musically coloured; every phrase, pronounced; and every word, underlined.

"The 'Dies Irae' is followed by the Offertorium, 'Domine Jesu.' I must direct attention in this piece to the words which refer to the archangel Michael, and which are expressed by a phrase containing a most suave aspiration, and intense, yet timid desire, accompanied by an exceedingly soft movement of the violins. The second part of the Offertorium is undoubtedly, by its simplicity, one of the most solemn pages of the work. The offering-up of the sacrifices and of the prayers is effected by one of those indeterminate phrases as vague as the mystic sentiment which dictates them.

"Some one has said and written that there occurs in the 'Sanctus' a movement almost *choreographic* in character; I kept both my ears wide open, but I still was deaf; not only did I hear nothing *choreographic*, but I should be very much astounded if any ballet master ever succeeded in making his gauze-skirted troops execute piroettes to such music; if he succeeded, for we must not be sceptical as to *choreographic* talent, I should say: bravo. Lastly, the 'Sanctus' is nothing else than a fugue difficult to perform, but cheerful and light in character, as becomes the piece which sings the glory of Heaven. The 'Agnello di Dio' would tame even wolves; it is a simple phrase, first sung by the soprano and the mezzo-soprano together, and then repeated by the chorus, but it has delicately blended effects of piano and *pianissimo*, so elegant and pleasing, and an interrupted cadence so fascinating, that the public had to make an effort so as not to break out into applause. The third time the phrase is executed, the accompaniment of the flutes, and the charming design of the violins are wonderful.

"In the 'Lux aeterna,' which is a short and exquisite trio, I remarked among its many gems, a graceful movement of stringed instruments, first introduced at the words 'Luceat eis,' and which is really like a tremulous flash of light cast across the shades of the Infinite.

"All agree in saying that the 'Liber me' is a grand piece, and would alone suffice to establish the reputation of its composer as a great master; very effective here is the monotonous psalmody first sung by the soprano and then repeated in an undertone by the basses; dramatic and harrowing is the motive of the soprano, trembling at the thought of the wrath to come. We then hear again, for the third time, the rumour of the last catastrophe which shall befall the world, and then we hear the 'Requiem'; finally the invocation: 'Liber me' recurs once more. It is a picture of grand proportions, comprising the whole epic of death; in this grandiose part, Verdi, from whom so much was expected, has surpassed all expectation."

A NOBLEMAN IN WANT OF SEVEN SHILLINGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Among the funny things occasionally in the *Times*, the following is about the funniest. It appeared on the 9th. An earl's carriage took up a position in front of a shop in Bow Street, towards the close of an opera performance. "You can't stop here," says Policeman, Coachman—"His Lordship desired that I should do so." "No matter; it is opposed to the Carriage Regulations," continued the Policeman. Next morning the said coachman tried to defend his conduct before the magistrate, but the latter fined him five shillings, with two shillings costs, for breaking the law. Then his Lordship stepped into the witness-box to complain of the proceedings, and was informed that he must appeal to the Commissioners of Police if he wished the regulations altered. "In the event of success attending the application, will the fine be remitted?"—"Certainly not," was the prompt reply from the Bench. Legislation walks forwards, not backwards; nor, crab-like, sideways; and so the rich nobleman will not get the seven shillings. If the nobleman be as illogical with respect to musical art as he is concerning the law, said musical art is not likely to thrive in consequence of the noble Lord's support, or "patronage," as some people would call it.—I am, Sir, Yours obediently,

F. P.

A MOVING TALE.

George McGregor Sillitoe
Once resided down at Bow;
Then he did his gentle smile lend
To the residents of Mile End.

Now he seeks a home anew,
'Mid the environs of Kew—
Is associated with
Folks who dwell at Hammersmith.
But I truly do not know
To what suburb he may go,
When he takes for his abode a
Spot less near to the Pagoda.

He may quaff his hippocrene
In the realms of Turnham Green,
Or discuss his hydromel
'Mid the groves of Clerkenwell.

He may set up his museum
Near the Frogmore Mausoleum,
Or may collocate his "liberty"
On the fertile plains of Highbury.

I don't care where he may go,
George McGregor Sillitoe;—
Gentle stranger, drop a tear
At this moving tale you hear!

Fun.

FINE ARTS AT THE PALACE OF LOO.

The King of the Netherlands, an enlightened patron of art, is accustomed to summon twice a year to his residence at Loo, the young students on whom he bestows the benefits of a complete artistic education. This year, as we have previously announced, MM. Ambroise Thomas and Gérôme were invited, and requested to judge of the progress and prospects of the students. M. Gérôme gave his valuable advice to the young draughtsmen and young painters, while M. Ambroise Thomas did the same for the young musicians and young singers, who surprised him by executing in costume fragments of his principal works.

These musical and dramatic performances take place precisely at seven in the evening. They began on the 26th May, and did not come to a close before the 5th June. The programme usually comprises twelve numbers, such as overtures, scenes from operas and tragedies, and pieces of vocal and instrumental music.

At every performance, the King invites a certain number of distinguished persons from the neighbourhood, so that the young artists he pensions enjoy the advantage of appearing before a picked audience.—Among the pupils heard at these ten performances, we may mention especially Madlle Marie Sablairolles, a very young and pretty little lady, who is an agreeable actress, and bids fair to become a talented vocalist. She possesses a flexible voice, already well disciplined, and is not wanting in cleverness and taste.—Madlle Francisca Stoez, on the contrary, has the warm voice of power, and in a few years will certainly shine as a dramatic artist.—Madlle Jansen, who is scarcely seventeen and very inexperienced, possesses a pleasing physiognomy, gives promise of good musical talent, and also seems likely to distinguish herself in the lyric career.

Among the most distinguished instrumentalists, we may mention Madlle Gérardine Koning, MM. van der Does, Junr, Brandt-Buys, Junr, and Kwast, skilful pianists, especially the latter; M. Hollman, a talented violoncellist, a pupil of M. Jacquard, and M. Bouman, a violoncellist, trained in the school of Servais; M. Pétri, an agreeable, but still rather cold, violinist; and, though last not least, M. Hollander, a former prizeman of the Paris Conservatory, a violinist whose tone is of good quality, and who handles his bow with as much judgment as feeling.

It is M. van der Does, Seur, an eminent musician, who gets up the programmes for these performances, displaying an amount of taste and tact on which he cannot be too highly complimented. In a word, these musical *séances* are really interesting, and prove that his Majesty is an enlightened lover of the fine arts. Those who have the privilege of receiving invitations carry away with them a lasting reminiscence, and cannot fail to be deeply touched by the kindness and graciousness displayed by the King, who received MM. Ambroise Thomas and Gérôme more particularly in the most amiable and cordial manner.

His Majesty handed them, with his warmest thanks, the insignia of Commander and Officer of his Order.—*Le Ménestrel.*

BRUSSELS.—M. Dupont with his orchestra is attracting good audiences to the Waux-Hall, and the same may be said of the concerts given by MM. Duhem and Dumont at the Zoological Gardens.—Mad. Judic is expected, with the principal artists of the Bouffes Parisiens, on the 1st August, at the Théâtre des Galeries Saint-Hubert. Her repertory will include *Bagatelle*, *Pomme d'Api*, *La Jolie Parfumeuse*, *La Quenouille de Verre*, and other pieces of a similar kind.—M. Campocasso, the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, has furnished the papers with the names of the artists engaged by him for next season. Some of the names do not seem to be very well received by the public. A report was circulated that M. Victor Massé's unperformed opera *Paul et Virginie*, would be brought out here, with M. Capoul in the principal male character, before being produced at Paris. It is now said that there is no truth in the report, and that the opera will, in all probability, first see the light of the day neither in Paris nor here, but in St Petersburg.—"The question of restoring the 'plant' at the Théâtre de la Monnaie has," according to the *Guide Musical*, "not progressed. The hundred thousand francs have been voted, but the painters and the costumiers continue not to set about their task, and, this year, the workmen are not even employed on the famous ventilator commenced two years ago."—It is asserted that M. Vieuxtemps has definitely resigned his post at the Conservatory, and that the nomination of M. Wieniawski as his successor is already signed.

REPORT FOR 1873.

BY MR JOHN HULLAH.*

(Continued from page, 474.)

I appended to my report of last year some suggestions the adoption of which I believed would tend to make the work of the training colleges easier to teachers and more profitable to students. The majority of these have been adopted, even in some colleges where their adoption involved arrangements—alteration of the time-table, and the like—not easily brought about.

First and second year students are now almost universally taught separately. More time than formerly is given to musical instruction and practice. Pieces of music which, from their structure and length cannot easily be learnt "by ear," have generally been substituted for the slight part songs, on the "getting up" of which so much time was formerly spent; so that during his second year every student has now brought under his eye a considerable quantity of, to him, new music. Fewer concerts have been given during the past than in former years by the students of most of the training colleges, greatly to the advantage of the real musical work they are brought together to do.

On the other hand, I do not find that steps have yet been generally taken in colleges where the students are of one sex to give them even occasional opportunities of joining in the "perfect" choir.

The want of these opportunities prevents their getting a practical knowledge of the relations of the different classes of voice to one another. Moreover, it had led to the adoption of the objectionable expedients to which I called attention last year—the singing of soprano parts an octave too low, and even of bass parts an octave too high. The latter seems to have been given up everywhere, but not the former; indeed, to one of the questions I had to put to every student—"What voice have you?"—I received from many a young man whose bearded lip or chin formed a ludicrous commentary on it, the answer, "treble." In some few places, eminently at Peterboro', my representation on this matter has resulted in a two-fold gain, the cessation of a bad practice, and the formation in the practising school of a class of boys, who, under the excellent instruction of the normal master, Mr Seabrook, have been qualified thus to complete the college choir. At York, I may remark, this has long been done.

The attendance of students on the musical practices is, I find, more regular than formerly. It still admits of improvement. The music master in one college complained that his pupils were withdrawn, sometimes in considerable numbers, for rifle practice and drill. If these pursuits form part of the work of a college, surely a time should be found for them other than that nominally appropriated to another pursuit.

While on the subject of "arrangements" for musical instruction, I am reminded that at the Borough Road these are made without any reference whatever to "years," but wholly with reference to the musical power of every individual student on entering the college. How far the valuable instructions of Mr Barkby have been facilitated or made productive by this arrangement I am not in a condition to say. The satisfactory results recorded in the subjoined table of per-centages speak well for both.

Conformably with the recommendation made in my last report, more attention than heretofore has been given to the practice of "beating time." In this, however, there is still room for very general improvement. Possibly the difficulty many students find in the operation has a good deal to do with their manifest aversion to it. No better arguments in its favour could be found than this difficulty and this aversion. Both are unfailing indications of that want of feeling for time which their consideration and indulgence are especially calculated to induce. The practice, however, should be begun in the elementary, or even the infant school, not in the training college.

I do not think that sufficient attention is given everywhere—possibly sufficient importance is not attached—to the practice of "sol-faing." My principal reason for advocating this practice so strongly is, that it presents to the teacher the only possible guarantee that his pupils are studying, or, indeed, looking at, the symbols from which they are supposed to be singing. A student with a quick ear may, under the influence of those about him who are more attentive or more apt than himself, sing a passage with approximate, nay, with perfect correctness, without understanding or trying to understand anything about the characters in which it is written; in other words, without at all profiting by the exercise in which he is engaged. But he cannot possibly assign any names to these characters, he cannot "sol-fa," without looking at them. This once become a habit, half the labour of teaching him is over. Those who can name notes fluently can, it will be found, generally sound them; though the converse of the proposition may not be univer-

sally true. I believe that a large number of persons who do not sol-fa rely for *tune* on their neighbours, and for *time* on the *words* before them; convenient aids for those who dislike the trouble of thinking, but certainly not likely to promote the self-dependence indispensable to a teacher. The extent to which one student helps another, though not without its advantages, is one of the principal difficulties to the teacher and dangers to the student in a singing class, and both teachers and students should eagerly avail themselves of a contrivance so calculated as sol-faing to lessen this difficulty and danger. The business of the teacher in a training college is not (save incidentally) to form a pleasing choir, but a body of vocal musicians, every individual member of which shall be able to teach vocal music. Those of it who, from whatever cause, show the most aptitude, he may to a great extent, like "the pounds" in finance, leave to "take care of themselves;" but the unapt or the negligent, like "the pence and farthings," he must "take care of;" periodically testing them by individual examination and frequently bringing to light their shortcomings.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—As a constant reader of your paper I see that you frequently print words to be set to music, and I believe you will thank me for calling your attention to the enclosed Viennese-English poem, which I cut from the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* of the 15th inst. I have no doubt, it will, with tolerable music, create a sensation.

Paris, July 17.

Bernard.

M. M. M.

With sorry mind and torn heart
J. was from you returning,
Painfull grief, it was too hard,
Terribly my soul burning.

Now many thousand thanks to you,
My best and dearest lady,
For your dear lines, which as true,
Made happiest me already.

So happy am J. J. assure,
To know, you angel love me,
As J never was before,
Since providence did you show me.

Of your dear lines every word,
Shows how you noblehearted
And J pray to our great Lord
That never we departed.

J am every hour of day,
To you my love addressing,
J God same time heartliest pray,
For you down his best blessing.

My whole life and fortune all,
J's lying in you dear hand,
And God J for witness call,
That J love you without end!—A. A. A.

P. S. Please, dearest, star of my life, be kind enough to inform me, if taken notice of these lines, and accept from me many thousand haertiest greetings and kisses.

[This post scriptum must also be set to music.—Bernard.]

ST PETERSBURGH.—A new opera by M. Anton Rubinstein will be produced shortly after the re-opening of the Russian Operahouse. It is entitled *The Demon*.—The two stars next season at the Italian Opera will be Mad. Adelina Patti and Mad. Christine Nilsson, who have already signed with the manager, Sig. Pollini. That gentleman, rumour proclaims, will pay each lady the trifling sum of 240,000 francs for the season of four months.

BERLIN.—Professor Martin Blumner, second conductor at the Sing-academie, has completed a new opera, *Der Fall Jerusalem*, which, in all probability, will be executed by the members next winter.—Herren Niels W. Gade, Carl Reinecke, and Johannes Brahms, have been appointed ordinary foreign members of the Royal Academy of Arts.—According to a Berlin paper, Herr Hans von Bülow, after visiting the Abbate Franz Liszt at the Villa d'Este, proceeded from Italy to Salzungen, where he intends spending the summer. The report that the Abbate was seriously ill is completely devoid of foundation.

* Inspector of Music, on the Examination in Music of the Students of Training Schools in Great Britain.

BALFE AND *IL TALISMANO*.

BY CHARLES LAMB KENNEY.

PRO-FM.

Perhaps in no other work from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, unless we except "*Ivanhoe*," has that great master of fiction drawn more largely for the support of the interest of his narrative, and the heightened effect of its incidents, on the resources of the valuable principle of contrast than in his novel of "*The Talisman*." Just as in the former and earlier tale he had brought Norman and Saxon into effective opposition, deriving from the antagonistic national qualities of conquerors and conquered a well sustained series of effects, from the moral as well as the picturesque point of view, so the juxtaposition, in the later work, of the semi-civilization of Western Europe under its Norman and Frankish rulers (interfused with the all-pervading element of chivalry) and the more ancient and ceremonial refinement of the East under the Mahomedan conquerors, brings Northern barbarism, tempered by the code of Christian knighthood, into comparison with the fierce fanaticism, innate magnanimity, and outward Oriental splendour of the followers of Islam. To have chosen, moreover, as the representatives of these coeval and contending systems, Richard the Lion-Hearted on the one hand, and the heroic, though wily, Saladin on the other, displayed in an equal degree the unerring instinct of the true artist, the painter of humanity in its broad and ideal aspects, and the keen interest of the antiquarian, regarded as a social historian rather than the collector of rusty nick-nacks and investigator of musty scrolls—the Dry-as-dust which Sir Walter loved playfully to represent himself.

Having thus felicitously chosen his ground and taken care that the general spirit of the age in which he fixes his work shall be fitly represented, he places beside these great typical and historical figures, with the like pictorial skill and knowledge of the springs of human interest, the personages who are to attach the reader's interest with a more intimate and familiar sympathy, the young Scottish gentleman, Sir Kenneth, the Knight of the Leopard, a model of the knight and soldier of that day; and Edith Plantagenet, the "lady of his love," herself a type of the ideal woman of a chivalrous age, pure, beautiful, and enamoured of courage and high deeds, and who, moreover, being of knightly blood, is adored with even a more absolute devotion than the disinterested and distant worship commonly professed by the knights of old. It is the romantic attachment of this pair of lovers, thus loaded with every attribute that can render them interesting and admirable, alternately thwarted and fostered by so many startling vicissitudes, which supplies the silken thread of sympathy which we follow, like a clue, through the labyrinth of varied and brilliantly depicted historical scenes in which the tale abounds; until we reach the happy climax of brave and faithful knight-service on the one hand, and true and trusting devotion on the other, rewarded by all that true love and chivalrous ambition can aspire to. In subordinate order, again, to these great actors and the immediate objects of our hopes and fears, are Berengaria and Sir Thomas Devaux. The fair consort of the lion-hearted King, whose impulsive southern blood and frolic humour is mingled with affectionate friendship for her kinswoman and tender and loyal attachment to her royal husband, presents a strong yet harmonious contrast to that of Edith; while the character of Sir Thomas Devaux stands in like opposition, yet relationship, both with the King and Sir Kenneth, serving the one as counsellor and the other as mentor, with equally wily prudence and warm devotion, though both qualities are concealed under the exterior of a blunt and rough soldier. Another accessory character of importance is the mis-shapen dwarf, Nectabanus, an example of the systematic employment of the grotesque and uncouth element, even to a repulsive extent, for artistic purposes by Sir Walter Scott, and in which he has been so conspicuously followed by Victor Hugo, the only romance writer of modern days who can be placed on a level with him for grasp of purpose, creative fertility, and true art-instinct.

It is unnecessary for the purpose of this introduction to enter with further detail into the interesting nature of the materials, worked up with so masterly a hand in the brilliant tale to which the author of the libretto of the *Talisman* has turned for the subject and personages which it puts into action. It is sufficiently evident that in carrying out the task before him his perplexity was the familiar one of superabundant riches; and the selection from the variety of incident offered to him of a just sufficient outline to sustain without strain the interest of an opera to the end, and the adoption of those situations in the story best adapted to illustrate the intention and characteristic spirit of the original, while supplying the widest scope for effect to the musical com-

poser, constituted the by no means inconsiderable difficulties of his undertaking. With how much judgment, poetical feeling, and sense of dramatic and musical effect he has accomplished it, will be measured to some extent by the following descriptive narrative of the libretto, although the true value of his work can only be truly tested by the result of performance.

(To be continued.)

A SHANGHAI LYRIC.

OH! ARABELLER!

BY A DELIGHTED YANK.

I'm in the seventh heavin of delite!

Moosie hath charme to soothe a savage feller;
I went and heard you play the other night—

Oh! Arabeller!

Some talk of Liszt and Thalberg's wond'rous powers,
And Brindley Richards, Sydney Smith, and Heller—
They're eunched; for you hold the musical bowers,

Oh! Arabeller!

I've heard this Magnussen—darn his long Dutch name—
As well as that fat telegraphing feller;

Bust me if any one can play the same,

Oh! Arabeller!

You saw me in the gallery, I've no doubt,

And heard the thumpin' of my umbereller!
Jeroosalem! Lor, how I hollered out!

Oh! Arabeller!

I heard the famous little Frenchman toot,
Who here so long in Shanghai's been a dweller;

I like your pianny more'n I did his floot,

Oh! Arabeller!

Lord, how you made those bits of ivory ratt'e!

Those stirring tones of yourn inspire a feller,
I almost fancied I was in a battle,—

Oh! Arabeller!

But when you changed into a plaintif key,

I felt, while listening to those sounds so meller,
As if an angel was shampooing me—

Oh! Arabeller!

Such music must have rung in Hornby's ears—

When he passed sentence on that shooting feller,
And let him down so easy with two years—

Oh! Arabeller!

I'd like to get down Moot here some nite—

Yon'd sooth that worthy magisterial feller—
And make the fines for swipers come more lite;

Oh! Arabeller!

Saunders I s'pose will take your fotografaff;

To paint you, you deserve a Godfrey Kneller—
You in a cart! no, that's too low by half—

Oh! Arabeller!

What were my feelings when I got outside!

I jumped and shouted like a crazy feller
"She puts a head on all of 'em," I cried—

Oh! Arabeller!

A Bobby rushed up, thinking I was tite;

I wildly hit him with my umbereller;

"G'long," I said, "I'm showing my delite"—

Oh! Arabeller!

No longer now about the wide world rome,

But here in Shanghai stay and be a dweller;
Give piping Remusat a spell at home—

Oh! Arabeller!

Do not be vexed because we shout "encore,"

To hear your music makes a chap turn "yeller";
Its how we show that we require sum moar—

Oh! Arabeller!

C. R. T.

GENOA.—The Teatro Paganini is to be re-decorated. The first opera in the autumn will probably be *Esmeralda*, by Sig. Campana, and the second, *Il Mercante di Venezia*, by Sig. Pinsuti.—Among the operas to be given at the Carlo Felice may be mentioned *La Forza del Destino*. A new and handsome theatre is being erected in the Camogli suburb,

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season came to a close on Saturday night with a brilliant performance of *L'Etoile du Nord* (*La Stella del Nord*), under the able direction of Signor Vianesi. The *mise-en-scène* of this work, as it is presented at the Royal Italian Opera, would alone suffice to attract those upon whom "spectacle" exercises even a more powerful influence than music itself. But what always will make the *Etoile du Nord* acceptable to connoisseurs at Mr Gye's splendid theatre is the fact that he can boast among his company a Catharine like Mdlle Adelina Patti and a Peter like M. Faure—hardly to be matched, assuredly not surpassed elsewhere. These accomplished artists were in their happiest mood, and have seldom, if ever, more completely attained the *beau ideal* of the characters respectively assigned to them. Such a Catharine is worthy such a Peter, and such a Peter worthy such a Catharine. Nor could there be a sprightlier Prascovia than Madame Campobello-Sinico, a more careful Danilowitz than Signor Bettini, or a more bustling Gritzenko than Signor Ciampi—all of whom have more or less important tasks confided to them in the general *ensemble*. The rest of the "cast" was as usual; the lively duet of the vivandières, in Peter's tent, being allotted to Mdlles Cottino and Bianco Bianchi, and the subordinate parts to competent representatives.

The opera was followed by the National Anthem, the solos undertaken by Madame Patti, who, at the end, was greeted with hearty and unanimous plaudits, followed up by several calls before the footlights. The great singer and comedian was never in better force, and never in higher favour. The theatre was crowded to the roof.

—o—

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Although there was to be a performance of *Don Giovanni* on Monday night, with Mdlle Tietjens as *Donna Anna*, Madame Christine Nilsson as *Donna Elvira*, Mdlle Singelli as *Zerlina*, and Signor di Reschi as the hero, for the "benefit" of Mr Mapleson, the season may be considered virtually to have terminated on Saturday night with the ninth performance of *Il Talismano*. Balfe's posthumous opera seems to gain in public favour every time it is heard. Much of this is, doubtless, attributable to Madame Nilsson, whose Edith Plantagenet will always be remembered as one of the most charming creations in modern opera; but much is also due to the music, which, as we have more than once hinted, is conceived and written in Balfe's happiest vein. On Saturday night it was appreciated as warmly, by an audience that filled the house in every part, as on any previous occasion. Madame Nilsson exerted herself with even more than usual zeal—perhaps because it was her last appearance in London for some time to come, or perhaps because of her recent success in a walk of art she had never previously essayed before an English audience. The performance of the new opera was never listened to with greater satisfaction, or rewarded with more constant applause. After due honours, according to the prevailing fashion, had been paid to Madame Nilsson and her associates, the National Anthem was given by chorus and orchestra. Sir Michael Costa directed the performance.

No "extra" performances will be given at either house; but we have some general observations to make on the season just expired, which must be reserved for another day.

Our hope, and that of all who desire to see enterprise and perseverance rewarded, was fully met on the occasion of the extra performance for Mr Mapleson's benefit last Monday night, the house being filled with the director's friends and well-wishers. In furthering this result, Mr Mapleson did not trust to the influence of his own claims, but was careful to announce a rare aggregate of attractions. To begin with, he chose *Don Giovanni* as the opera of the evening, and then distributed the characters of Mozart's peerless work among the best artists in his company, giving *Donna Anna* to Mdlle Tietjens, *Donna Elvira* to Mdlle Nilsson, *Zerlina* to Mdlle Singelli, *Don Ottavio* to Signor Gillandi, *Don Giovanni* to Signor Di Reschi, and *Leporello* to Herr Behrens. A combination so powerful, and of such interest, could not fail to crowd the theatre, while securing for the last performance of the season all desirable *éclat*. It can hardly be necessary to add that *Don Giovanni* was most effectively represented, not alone as regards

the principal characters, but also with respect to the *ensemble*. On such an occasion every one engaged felt bound to do his best, and the obligation was discharged in a manner that left very little indeed for adverse criticism to lay hold of. The *Donna Anna* of Mdlle Tietjens again called forth general admiration. In dramatic vigour and vocal skill it was an effort worthy the great artist who for sixteen years has kept alive among us the traditions of a grand school. Madame Nilsson's *Elvira* excited equal interest. One of the Swedish lady's first successes was made at the Théâtre Lyrique in the part of *Don Giovanni's* victim, and much as she played then she plays now, the difference being in favour of increased dramatic purport. Madame Nilsson looked *Elvira* to perfection, her intelligent acting helped to make the stage business effective, and she sang in a manner which showed how fit she is, while losing no chance of displaying her own gifts, to be an interpreter of a great master. Mdlle Singelli did her work with vivacity and point, singing, moreover, like an artist who knows Mozart. Signor Gillandi strengthened his reputation by an excellent rendering of "Dalla sua pace" and "Il mio tesoro"—no mean tests of a singer's capacity. We hope to hear more next season of this useful artist, who may turn out to be one of Mr Mapleson's luckiest discoveries. Signor di Reschi is very young and inexperienced to undertake such a trying part as that of the *Don*, but he has some natural qualifications, and his success, so far as it went, encouraged a hope that his chief faults are those which time will cure. The new baritone's best vocal effort was made in "Deh vieni alla finestra," the audience recognizing its merit by calling for an encore. *Masetto* was carefully played, as on former occasions, by Signor Zoboli. Herr Behrens, though a heavy *Leporello*, showed admirable intentions, and the fine voice of Mr Perkins gave great effect to the *Commendatore's* music. We must not forget to mention, among the successes of the evening, the popular trio of masks, which, sung by Mdlle Tietjens, Madame Nilsson, and Signor Gillandi, went to perfection, and met with a unanimous *bis*. Hearty demonstrations were made by the audience after both acts of the opera, Mr Mapleson being called each time, and led on, first by Mdlle Tietjens and Madame Nilsson, next by Madame Nilsson only, while the theatre rang with hearty plaudits never better deserved than in the case of the popular manager. Sir Michael Costa was also summoned before the curtain, and loudly cheered, as were the two *prime donne* by whom the burden of the season has been so well sustained. Thus came to an end the operatic campaign of 1874.

Our retrospective observations need not be lengthy, but they must include a reference to the services rendered by the established favourites in Mr Mapleson's company. The fine "form" of Mdlle Tietjens throughout the season is a fact specially gratifying in view of seasons to come, whilst the advance of Madame Nilsson in the dramatic branch of her art, as shown by the performances in *Il Trovatore* and *Les Huguenots* should have a careful record. Madame Trebelli has easily kept her proud position as the first contralto on the stage, and among others who have done work deserving mention are Mdlle Maria Roze, Signor Campanini, and Signor Agnesi. As usual, under Mr Mapleson's management, a great many new artists have appeared; but some of them came like shadows, and like shadows departed, never to reappear. There remain to us Mdlle Singelli, Signor Gillandi, Signor Galassi, Signor de Reschi, Herr Behrens, and Mr Perkins, all of whom may be said to have won a footing on the Anglo-Italian stage. Turning from artists to operas, we have only to note the careful and efficient production of *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, and of *Il Talismano*. Balfe's posthumous work will give its name to the season, especially as it proved to be a genuine success. About the absolute musical value of *Il Talismano* amateurs differ; but all must be glad that the "swan's song" of a popular native composer met with a good reception from those to whose pleasure he ministered so well. We need not repeat the general observations we recently made upon the condition and prospects of Italian Opera in this country, but it should be said that London is fortunate in having a manager who, amid many difficulties, acquires himself like Mr Mapleson.

BOLOGNA.—It is said that M. Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Ferramore*, will be performed here in the autumn.

MARRIAGE.

On the 2nd May, 1874, at Ely Place, Holborn, JOSEPH KIRKMAN, Senior, Esq., of Soho Square, and Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, &c., to ELENOR SARAH FIELD, widow. Other papers, please copy.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

A NEW COMPOSER.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—I have been a constant reader of your paper for more than I much care to remember, and have always found that, when any new star has arisen above the musical horizon, the gratifying event has been speedily chronicled in your columns. Great, therefore, was my surprise, and, may I add, as mildly as possible, my indignation?—for I am a regular subscriber, as well as reader, and can show a whole fileful of receipts for my annual subscriptions—to find that a young composer of great promise and, even now, considerable performance, has been flourishing for some time past in the more northern parts of Europe. His name is Edward Grieg, and this is what I read in *Le Guide Musical* about him:—

"Among the modern young composers who have made most noise beyond the Rhine, and attracted most sympathy during the last few years, we must name in the first rank Edward Grieg. A child of the North, in all the force of the term, brought up in an atmosphere not yet impregnated with the corrupting elements with which our own is unfortunately so permeated, he deserves a place by himself in contemporary musical history; a place which, by the way, the fresh and frank originality of his nature, his well-marked individuality, and the strong invention wherewith he is endowed, have conquered for him."

Edward Grieg, born on the 15th June, 1843, at Bergen, in Norway, of parents in easy circumstances and distinguished position (his father was consul), received, in his father's house, and especially from his mother, a most careful education. It was from his mother, a woman of elevated mind and artistic nature, in the best acceptance of the word, that he received, as soon as he was six years old, his first pianoforte lessons. From that period he manifested remarkable aptitude and a special predilection for music. One day, when still a mere child—he was then nine—he handed his schoolmaster, instead of the exercise which had been given out, an exercise of his own, a composition which he had pompously and naively entitled Op. 1, and which consisted of variations on a German melody. The poor little fellow was soundly scolded by the schoolmaster, and sent home. From that instant his vocation was decided. Some few years later, in 1858, when Ole Bull, the violinist, visited Bergen, Grieg was introduced to him, and Ole Bull, struck by the boy's powers, wisely advised his parents to send him as a student to the Conservatory at Leipsic. No sooner said than done. At the end of the same year, Grieg was inscribed among the pupils of the most celebrated school of music in Germany. He set courageously about his work, and even exerted himself with such ardour as to bring on inflammation of the chest, of which, unfortunately, he has never been able to get cured. For a short time, in the spring of 1860, he returned, by the advice of his doctors, to Norway; but he was soon afterwards back again in Leipsic, and stayed at the Conservatory there till the end of 1862. In 1863, he went to Copenhagen, where he contracted a friendship with Niels Gade, and where his talent was developed in all its originality, thanks more especially to Richard Nordraak, who sang him his

celebrated melodies to Björnson's works. His relations with this man of genius exerted a great influence on his talent. Numerous Scandinavian melodies and characters, Norwegian legends and fables, subjects for operas and symphonies—in a word, an entire new horizon was opened before his eyes, and was a revelation for him.

"After some years spent in Copenhagen, Grieg paid several visits to the South. In 1867, he settled definitively at Christiana, where he has since held the post of director of a musical society he founded, and where he gives lessons of piano and musical theory.

"His works, about twenty in number—pianoforte compositions for two or four hands, *Lieder*, romances, choruses, &c.—are all remarkable for their colouring, the exceedingly marked originality of the rhythm, and of the harmonies full of interesting ideas and fine poetry, and precious moreover for the life and animation which pervade them. Two Sonatas for Piano and Violin, "Les Humoresques," Op. 6, and the Concerto for Piano are those of the young composer's works which have created the most sensation. The Concerto for Piano is especially worthy of attention, on account of its warmth, spirit, and dash. It may well justify the name of 'Chopin of the North,' which has been applied to its composer.

"However this may be, after what he has done, we may fairly expect from Grieg works still more important, and build upon his great talent the highest hopes."

"The Chopin of the North!" *Excusez du peu!* This is a proud designation, and, till I am in a better position to speak, I will not affirm it to be an exaggeration, although—*il m'en a terriblement l'air*. Still it is a strange fact that I should never have heard of Edward Grieg before. Can you, Sir, or any of your readers, supply me with further information about him, or tell me if any of his compositions are procurable in London? There is, also, a great deal on which I would gladly be enlightened in the quotation from your contemporary. For instance, what is meant by calling M. Greig: "A Child of the North, in all the force of the term"? and what are we to understand by the assertion that the young composer "was brought up in an atmosphere not yet impregnated with the corrupting elements with which our own is so permeated"? Are we to take this literally or metaphorically, physically or morally? However, I fear I am encroaching too much on your space and patience, and, therefore, beg to sign myself, without more ado, Yours obediently,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

THE "PRIMA DONNA" AND "BENEFITS."

WE read the following in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—
 "The position of the prima donna has, for some time past, been a source of grave anxiety to her numerous friends. Too much, we are told, is made of her. For her everything else is neglected; and managers are warned not to place their trust too exclusively in prima donnas lest some day they should find that by sacrificing the whole of a part—the prima donna's part—they have destroyed all interest in the opera as a consistent well-proportioned work of art. It is, in any case, a remarkable fact that four special performances have just been given in honour of as many prima donnas; whereas no contralto, no tenor, no baritone or bass has been thought worthy of any such attention. Among male singers the most admired is, doubtless, at this moment M. Faure, though it has not occurred to the manager of the Royal Italian Opera to associate M. Faure's name with any representation actually or nominally for his benefit. Of the numerous tenors who have appeared this season, there is not one whom the public go specially to hear as they go to hear the prima donnas; nor, indeed, has any really attractive tenor come before the world since the retirement of Signor Mario. Neither the managers, then, nor any one else, are to blame in this matter. Prima donnas are better artists than tenors, baritones, and basses; and their pre-eminence in the operatic troupe is not an affair of to-day, but has been a fact from the earliest times. It is only necessary to glance at a history of the opera to see that for

one favourite baritone, for two or three favourite tenors, there have been a dozen favourite prima donnas. At times a good deal of enthusiasm has been called forth by tenors; but tenors have never attained the supreme honour of causing such bitter animosities, such deadly feuds, as those which raged in England between the partisans of Faustina and of Cuzzoni; in France between the 'Maratistes,' or fanatical admirers of Madame Mara, and the 'Todistes,' or fanatical admirers of Madlle Todi. Even now the comparative merits of Patti and Albani, of Tietjens and of Nilsson, in the same parts are discussed more warmly than those of Nicolini and Campanini, of Marini and Fancelli. If to the names of the four most popular prima donnas it were desired to add two more, it would still be in the list of prima donnas that we should have to seek them; and the chosen ones beyond doubt would be—at the Royal Italian Opera, Madlle Marimon; at Her Majesty's Opera, Madlle Singelli."

[The ingenious writer is evidently unaware that these so-called "benefits" are not for the singers whose names are affixed to the bills, but exclusively for the managers. The time of *bona fide* "benefits" has long gone by.]—D. P.]

ON A MATTER PECULIAR.

IN Italy the Opera is either indigenous, or in the indigenous tongue, or exotic, exotically. In Germany there are hewers and cutters, divers and diggers, politicians, poets, ontosophists, and authors of lives of Jesus—all German. In Austria, one Italian Opera, by fits and starts. In France, one annual Italian Opera, with three or four indigenous establishments. In Spain, fits and starts. In England, two Italian Operas—nothing indigenous in that way. We work exclusively for the "swells," who don't like *Fidelio*, *G. Tell*, &c., and are only restrained by the press from openly, and with unlimited fury, expressing their indignation.

—
Fabender Pitt.

To Sutherland Edwards, Esq. (1874.)

OCASIONAL NOTES.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.—The profits of the concert recently given by Madame Christine Nilsson, at St. James's Hall, in aid of the funds for the "Training School and Home for Nurses," to be connected with this excellent charity, enabled her to hand over to the treasurer a cheque for £942. In September next she is to sing in two concerts at Norwich, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict, on behalf of the Jenny Lind Infirmary. It would seem that Madame Nilsson is anxious to emulate her celebrated compatriot in deeds of benevolence no less than in the exercise of her art.—*Times*.

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S ELVIRA.—Madlle Nilsson, however, who appeared yesterday evening as *Donna Elvira*, had not assumed that part since 1870; while Madlle Singelli, who undertook the character of *Zerlina*, did so for the first time in England and at Her Majesty's Opera, if not absolutely "for the first time on any stage." Those not acquainted with Madlle Nilsson's *Elvira* can scarcely have an idea of the importance which that personage may derive from really effective presentation. In Germany the part of *Elvira* is entrusted, as a matter of course, to an artist of the highest rank; but in England, if fit representatives can be found for *Donna Anna*, and *Zerlina*, *Elvira* is, under ordinary circumstances, assigned to any soprano fairly able to sing the music. Indeed, Madlle Nilsson is the only prima donna of the very highest position who has ever appeared in England as *Elvira*; which, thanks to her admirable singing, her charm of manner, and her true histrionic power, she renders at least as interesting as either of the two more generally admired parts. Besides giving fresh beauty to the character of *Elvira*, Madlle Nilsson, by raising it to the level of the other female characters, enables us to see clearly Mozart's design in respect to these three typical personages. *Don Juan* admires women in general; and Mozart has evidently intended to present three great types of

womanhood in the persons of the heroic *Donna Anna*, the sentimental *Donna Elvira*, and the coquettish *Zerlina*. "Mozart, like Goethe," writes Herr Brendel, in his *History of Music*, "was called to depict love in the infinitude of its manifestations; called, like Goethe, to set forth in his dramatic creations a wealth of feminine forms which no one, before or since, has been able to create." This is especially remarkable in *Don Giovanni*; which, for that reason, can never be seen in its full significance unless the three female characters are adequately represented.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

In speaking of Madlle Singelli's *Zerlina* (*Don Giovanni*) the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"Of the many charming *Zerlinas* who have appeared on the Anglo-Italian stage, none have been more charming than Madlle Singelli, its latest impersonator." We entirely agree with the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and may add that Madlle Singelli had the excellent taste to dress the character of the peasant-girl as it ought to be dressed.

DIFFERENT great composers have been remarkable for different peculiarities. Meyerbeer always carried an umbrella about with him, whatever the weather might be. He went to the Opera at a little trot, and seated himself near the hole for the prompter. He called the musicians (including the gong): "Messieurs les Professeurs." He addressed them in a mild calm voice, sometimes showing them his score, and requesting their advice as to the orchestration. His manuscripts always contained several versions distinguished by the colour of the ink with which they were written. Thus, the part of *Fides* in *Le Prophète* was doubly rhythmed. The composer used one version or the other, according to the vocal powers of the lady representing the part. He worked standing, at a piano surmounted by a desk. His left hand rendered his thoughts on the keyboard, while his right noted them down on paper. He was a first-rate pianist. He composed a mass of pieces which have been lost or burnt. He showed them to no one but his friends, observing: "I, too, have committed acts of folly in my youth." His modesty was extreme, but his will unshakable. When he resolved on a thing, he resolved on it resolutely. Rossini was more witty in expressing his wishes. During the rehearsal of *Guillaume Tell*, a flautist, Dacosta, would play an F sharp instead of an F natural. The *maestro*, not knowing how to correct the offender, went down into the orchestra, and offered him a pinch of snuff. "What an honour," exclaimed Dacosta, reddening with delight. "Take a pinch, take a pinch," said Rossini, smiling. "It's natural, that is, unsophisticated. By the way, let us have an F like my snuff. I should feel obliged." While his works are being rehearsed, Verdi sits in a corner. Suddenly he will rush furiously out, take his place at the piano, and sing his score himself, so as to enable the tenor or barytone interpreting it to catch all the fine gradations of light and shade. Meyerbeer and Halévy used to do the same. It is a remarkable fact that *maestri* possess deplorable voices, and yet that, with their imperfect organ, they render their own thoughts admirably.—*Q. Q.*

THE BALFE MEMORIAL.

The members of the committee held a public meeting last night in the Mansion House, Dublin. Robert Reeves, Esq., presided.

Mr M'Donnell, hon. secretary, having read the minutes and correspondence received last meeting, stated that for the more effectual carrying out of the objects of the committee it was necessary that an additional honorary secretary should be appointed. Mr O'Duffy was accordingly requested to act in that capacity, in conjunction with Mr M'Donnell. Communications from Cork and Belfast having been read, conveying the wishes of the writers that branches of that committee should be formed in those places, the hon. secs. were requested to take the necessary steps for that purpose. The list of subscriptions received up to last night was ordered to be advertised.

Several members having stated that they were about leaving town for the summer recess, it was agreed that their next meeting would be held on an early day in October. Meanwhile all communications addressed to the hon. secs., Mansion House, would be duly attended to.

Mr M'Donnell felt pleasure in being in a position to state that Balfe's last great work, *Il Talismano*, which had proved so decided a success in London this season, would be produced here by the members of the Italian Opera Company on their next visit. The committee then adjourned.—*Freeman's Journal*.

The Hippopotamus.

(From "Another World.")

"Ye seek Ellico's life.... Ye watch to make sure of your prey, when the boy is alone, his thoughts fixed on high.... Ye shall wear hideous forms, ye shall wander on the land, as well as on the water, but nowhere shall ye find rest. Ye shall dread and be dreaded by all; ye shall constantly be put to death, that your hide and carcass at least may serve for useful purposes in the land that ye have defiled.... Ye shall be slain with no more compunction than when a man cuts down a tree with which to make his hut."....

REARING HIPPOPOTAMI.

(Continued from page 475.)

In a state of nature, the beast is accustomed to wander over large tracts especially favoured by sun and light; even the water he swims in is warmed by the sun. In the gardens in which you strive to rear these beasts, they are kept in dark miserable places, where the water is cold, and which the sun rarely penetrates. You are not kind to them yourselves, and besides, you allow visitors to tease them.

These errors alone are sufficient to prevent the mother bringing forth a calf that will thrive.

In your cold and variable climates you would do well to have an enclosed place, a kind of conservatory covered over with glass, arranged so as to be opened in warm weather, particularly when the sun shines, and closed during the greater part of the winter, at which time the water, in which the beasts swim, should be warmed by a genial heat diffused through the building. This plan would be much more profitable than your actual dear economy.

If from any cause it is found judicious to separate the mother and the young one, care should be taken to effect the separation immediately after the birth, before the natural food has been tasted, or at least before it has become familiar to the young one, and the calf should be placed where it cannot hear the mother's moaning call.

Warmed sand and moss should be in readiness, in which to immerse and all but cover the little one.

Goat's milk, or other substitutes for the mother's milk, must be administered whilst quite warm and just drawn from the goat. If allowed to stand, the liquid would injure instead of doing good, and even if artificially warmed would not be so beneficial as the new milk.

It is not improbable that the calf will at first refuse the proffered beverage. The expedients for causing the animal to drink should be devised so as to avoid all unnecessary annoyance, and if this precaution be attended to the animal will of its own accord soon drink the warm milk, and take other proper food.

The room where the young one is kept should be of an equal warmth both day and night. In a state of nature the mother obtains this equalization of the temperature, and protects the young one from the comparative chilliness of the night air by lying across the sand in which she has placed the object of her care.

The removal of the young one from the mother is effected with ease; and, as this process is with you accompanied by many inconveniences, besides being very difficult and dangerous, a few hints as to our mode of proceeding may be of use.

We have four very long sockets peculiarly formed at their base, so that they can be thrust for a long distance into the sandy ground, and there take the firmest hold. They are placed at certain distances about the spot where the mother lies, and into them are inserted four poles of great strength, so arranged that they stand at the angles of a square or paralle-

* The above belongs to the ancient mythology of Montalluyah.

ogram, sustaining a framework surmounted by planks sufficiently strong to support four men in case of need, though sometimes two only are required. The men, who are very skilful, are stationed one on each side of the plank, armed with a large strong net, made of a soft and agreeable material, which, as soon as the young one is born, they let down very gradually, so as to disturb the mother as little as possible. Should she be annoyed at the appearance of the net, they hold their hands, keeping it suspended, and as soon as she is appeased and closes her eyes, let it down again, still very slowly, almost imperceptibly, until it has reached the ground, close to where the young one is lying, so contriving that when the little creature moves it will be upon the net.

As soon as the young one is fairly on the net, the men apply several long canes furnished with grappling-hooks, and draw up the net containing the young one. While doing this, they throw over the mother a material which impedes her movement, and which we call by a name that may be freely translated, "Clinging Flannel." The animal thus encumbered cannot disentangle herself for a few minutes, more than sufficient to secure the capture of the little one, which, as soon as it has been raised is let down into a vehicle ready to receive it. The instant this is done, the driver and all being in readiness, the horses start off at full gallop, and the calf is secured in a place far out of hearing of the mother.

Hermes (Communicator).

(To be continued.)

Pitch, Pitch, Pitch.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—Several London papers have given publicity to a paragraph to the effect that "Sir Michael Costa will make it a condition of his re-engagement at Her Majesty's Opera next season that the old pitch shall be once more reinstated, that this resolution will produce a counter-resolution on the part of Madame Christine Nilsson, and that the *prima donna* will be compelled to give way." In consequence of the foregoing paragraph, a number of vocalists have written asking me to get Madame Nilsson's opinion and resolution on the subject. Christine Nilsson tells me that, having found the beneficial effects of the French pitch on her voice, she certainly does not intend to forsake *le diapason normal*; so that the advocates of the lower pitch can rest assured that Madame Nilsson will do all in her power to forward its general adoption. Madame Adelina Patti (who, a short time since, gave £100 for new wind instruments, so that the French pitch should be used at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden), and hundreds of the most eminent singers, strongly approve of the lower pitch, which is fast gaining ground all over the world. Sir Michael Costa is opposed to *le diapason normal* simply because it spoils the brilliant effects of his splendid band; but that goes for nothing when the French pitch has the undoubtedly result of greatly benefiting the voices.—Your obedient servant,

Ch. J. Bishenden,

(Author of "The Voice, and How to Use It," &c.)
4, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W., July 20th, 1874.

ILMENAU.—Professor Ed. Martius died here on the 4th inst. The body was sent for burial to Berlin. The deceased was born on the 18th January, 1806, at Schwerin, and up to 1830 resided in Berlin, where he followed the legal profession. Possessing a fine tenor voice, he was engaged at the Royal Operahouse, of which he remained a leading member till 1857, when he retired with a pension and the title of Royal Chamber-Singer.

MILAN.—Despite the great heat, the Teatro Dal Verme was still open a few days since, but the audiences were, luckily for them, exceedingly scant. A full house in such weather must inevitably have re-produced all the worst sufferings experienced by the victims of the slave trade on board the vessels in which they used to be packed. Sig. Pratesi's ballet, *Armida*, has proved a success, however despite the alarming height of the thermometer. A certain "dancing march" and a tournament are specially attractive features in the entertainment, but how the ladies of the ballet, notwithstanding the lightness of their attire, manage to execute the various movements expected at their hands—or, rather, feet—is a mystery.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS JESSIE HINCKS gave an evening concert on Thursday, July 9th, in the Beethoven Rooms. The following artists appeared: vocalists—Mdlle Romanelli, Mdlle Uhle, Mr Stedman, Mr Bishenden, Madame Költing, Mr Finlay Finlayson, Mr Rickard (his first appearance); instrumentalists—pianoforte, Miss Jessie G. Hincks and Herr Lehmeier; guitar, Madame S. Pratten; harp, Madame Dryden; violin, Mr Palmer; and violoncello, Herr Schubert. Conductor—Herr Schubert. Miss Jessie Hincks played with Mr Palmer and Herr Schubert, Mendelssohn's D minor trio, and, with Herr Schubert, a duet for piano and violoncello by M. Goltermann, and Chopin's Polonaise. The young pianist's solo performances were Thalberg's *Oberon* fantasia and Liszt's "Le bal de Berne," Thalberg's *Oberon* obtaining the largest amount of applause. Among the vocal pieces were Herr Schubert's new song, "Oh, how could you leave me," sung by Mdlle Uhle, and a new song by the *bénéficiaire*, by the same clever vocalist, entitled "In the green spring," which had the advantage of being accompanied by the composer, the violoncello *obbligato* part being played by Herr Schubert. Madame Költing was set down for M. Bergson's new song, "Two hearts," Mr Rickard for M. Diehl's "The Mariner," and Mr Finlay Finlayson, the young and rising baritone, for a song by the late Mr Gottschalk. The accompanists were Mr Oliver King and Herr Lehmeier.

THE GERMAN SOCIETY for "Art and Science" in London held its 25th musical evening on Wednesday, the 15th inst, at the society's rooms in Mortimer Street, when Herr Josef Ludwig, musical director of the evening, gave the following programme:—Quartet in C major, Op. 33, No. 3 (Haydn); Präludium and Fugue in G minor, for violin alone (J. S. Bach); Quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 131 (Beethoven). These were performed with a precision and intensity of feeling that elicited the unanimous applause of all present. Herr J. Ludwig was loudly recalled after his masterly performance of Bach's Präludie and Fugue, and, at the conclusion of the concert, was again recalled, in conjunction with Messrs Elmenhorst, Zerbini, and Daubert, who assisted in the quartets above mentioned; immediately after which, the president of the evening, Herr Carl Oberthür, expressed the thanks of the society to Herr J. Ludwig, as also to the other gentlemen who so ably assisted him, and the usual following toast was responded to with true Teutonic heartiness. This was the last of the musical evenings for the season, and it is to be hoped that, after the short vacation now taking place, they will be resumed with the same spirit and energy which hitherto have made them one of the society's chief attractions. We by no means insinuate, however, that, in the other branches of art and science, equal spirit has not been displayed; on the contrary, the different lectures on various subjects, as well as the many exhibitions of paintings and other works of art, have been highly appreciated, and, with the steady increase of new members, will continue to create fresh life and interest. The musical evenings, now so satisfactorily terminated for the present, have, since July, 1873, been directed alternately by Herr Lehmeier, C. Günther, Franklin Taylor, Oscar Beringer, Hugo Daubert, Carl Deichmann, Carl Oberthür, Adolph Schloesser, and Herr Josef Ludwig.

BALFE'S LAST OPERA.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

A correspondent writes:—" *Il Talismano* grows more and more on the mind and awakens greater warmth of admiration than could be properly aroused on first hearing so elaborate a composition. Having been presented with some of the separate pieces, and carefully tried and studied them, I fancy your readers will not object to a slight account respecting them. 'Edith's Prayer' will be gratefully listened to wherever heard. It possesses an exquisitely flowing melody, and must attain every extending popularity. The accompaniments, though in a certain sense easy, are very effective. In 'The Ladye Eveline,' there is a delicious quaintness. Here the contrapuntal skill is a noticeable feature. 'Radianc splendours' is a very impressive piece of writing, and original in the bargain. This is certain to win the admiration of the million. The duet, 'Keep the Ring,' is in the composer's most brilliant vein. There is a dramatic force in this piece which is in Balfe's happiest vein."—P. P. C.

NAPLES.—As the Teatro Sannazzaro, now building, will not, as was expected, be completed by November, Sig. De Giossi, who had agreed to produce there his new operas, *Napoli di Carnavale* and *Il Pipistrello*, has been released by the manager from his engagement, and will take his works elsewhere.—Sig. Enrico Petrella, Sig. Lauro Rossi, Sig. Nicola de Grossi, Baron Giuseppe Staffa, and Sig. Paolo Serrao are candidates for the seat once occupied by Saverio Mercadante in the Naples Academy of Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the music to be performed by the students, at their concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, this day. During the course of the morning, the prizes are to be distributed to the successful competitors:—

Overture, in D (MS.)—A. H. Jackson, student; Rondo, in B minor, pianoforte (Miss McCarty)—Mendelssohn; Selection from Motett (MS.), Psalm XIII., Soprano Solo, "But my trust is in Thy mercy," Chorus, "My heart is joyful, I will praise the name of the Lord" (Solo, Miss Jessie Jones, Organ, Mr Walter Fitton)—Olivera Prescott, student; Rondo, from Concerto in E flat, pianoforte (Mr Eaton Fanning)—Julius Benedict; Concerto, in A (first movement), violin (Mdlle Vaillant)—Sainton; Sacred Song (MS.), "Who shall ascend" (Miss Marion Williams)—Corder, student; Concerto, in E flat (first movement), pianoforte (Miss Martin)—Beethoven; Slumber Song (*Manzaniello*) (Mr Breden)—Anber; Concerto, in F minor (first movement), pianoforte (Miss Whitaker)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Aria, "Voi che sapete" (*Nozze di Figaro*) (Miss Jessie Goode)—Mozart; Concerto, in E minor (two last movements), violin (Mr Palmer)—Spohr; Solos, Nocturne, in F minor, Study, in C, pianoforte (Mr Bouton)—Chopin; Sonata in D, Organ (Master Speer)—Mendelssohn; Septet in D minor, for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso (first movement) (Miss Ludovici, Mr Jansen, Mr Horton, Mr C. Harper, Mr Amor, Mr Walter Pettit, and Mr White)—Hummel; Duet and Chorus, "I waited for the Lord" (*Lobgesang*) (Miss Mary Davies and Miss Duval)—Mendelssohn; Concerto in D minor (last two movements), pianoforte (Miss Troup)—Mendelssohn; Song, "Honour and arms" (*Samson*) (Mr Wadmore)—Handel; Andante from Symphony in B minor (MS.)—Florence Marshall (Student); Cavatina, "O mio Fernando" (Miss Emma Beasley)—Donizetti; Concerto in E flat (first movement), pianoforte (Miss Burrough)—Moscheles; Duet, "Crudel perché" (*Nozze di Figaro*) (Miss Jessie Jones and Mr Henry Pope)—Mozart; Graduale, "Quod in orbe"—Hummel.

Conductor—Mr Walter Macfarren. Principal violins—M. Sainton and Mr H. Weist Hill.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has consented to sing at a concert for the benefit of the French artists who have incurred losses by the closing of the Princess's Theatre, and has postponed her departure from London in order to consult their convenience. We are happy to be able to print the letter of Mdlle Agar, the French *tragédienne*, soliciting the aid of Madame Nilsson, with the reply of the latter:—

"Londres, 13 Juillet, 1874.

"MADAME: On m'a priée d'accepter la mission de faire appel à votre cœur en présentant votre précieux concours à une soirée organisée au Théâtre St James, au bénéfice des artistes de Princess's Théâtre, qui se trouvent en ce moment dans une cruelle situation. Je sais par expérience quelle est votre bonté. C'est un œuvre patriotique que de secourir ces artistes—je dis patriotique, car vous êtes désormais Française; et la France est fière de vous tenir pour telle. Joignons nos efforts pour leur venir en aide, Madame; et croyez que je vous serai, de nouveau, à jamais reconnaissante,

"AGAR (de la Comédie Française)."

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S reply is as follows:—

"MADAME: Mon engagement à l'opéra Italien expire cette semaine. Lundi je dois chanter encore, au bénéfice de mon directeur; et, à partir de Mercredi, jusqu'à la fin de la semaine prochaine je retarderai mon départ, pour être à la disposition des artistes de Princess's Théâtre; heureuse d'élèver la voix en faveur de nos compatriotes. Veuillez donc, je vous prie, vous entendre avec les organisateurs du concert, et me fixer, le plus tôt possible, le soir qui aura été choisi pour cette bonne œuvre. Recevez, Madame, l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

"CHRISTINE NILSSON ROUZAUD."

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—"The audiences which assemble at the Saturday Promenade Concerts at the Aquarium"—says the *Brighton Gazette*, of July 16—"never tire of Miss Edith Wynne, and Mr Reeves Smith never errs when he engages her as the principal attraction for his Saturday's programme. Miss Edith Wynne was heard to very great advantage in three songs, 'Tell me my heart,' 'Since yesterday,' and 'Love the minstrel.' The vocalist at the promenade concert on Wednesday was Mdlle Leopold, who sang Malibran's celebrated 'There is no home like my own,' an air by Donizetti, and 'In den Augen liegt das Herr' (F. Abt) in a manner that gained her loud applause. On Sunday evening, Mr Van Hedgehem's *Stabat mater* was performed at the Aquarium for the second time; and, judging from the cordial manner in which it was received, there is no doubt it will rank with the great works of the day."

WAIFS.

Signor Vianesi has left London for Paris.

Madame Arabella Goddard has had splendid success in Batavia.

Signor Randegger leaves London, this evening, for a sojourn of two months in Italy.

The famous violinist, Henri Wieniawski, has arrived in London, after his tour in America.

Mdlle Liebhart is to be the vocalist at the concert given at the Brighton Aquarium this day.

The dedication of Signor Randegger's cantata, *Fridolin*, has been graciously accepted by the Emperor of Germany.

Signor Piatti is at present residing at his villa on the Lake of Como, where he munificently receives his friends. He has excellent *Lacryma Christi*.

M. Hervé (composer of *Chilpéric*) is to conduct the forthcoming promenade concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, in lieu of M. Rivière. "Les deux se disent."

Miss Clara Doria arrived from Boston (America) on Monday, for her autumnal holiday, and proceeded to Laxton, near Cheltenham, on a visit to her father, Mr John Barnett. Miss Doria returns to Boston in the autumn.

GLoucester MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The sale of tickets for the Festival to be held on September 8, and three following days, commenced on Wednesday, and the result augurs well for the success of the meeting, as we understand the demand for tickets was considerably in excess—in fact, one fourth more—than on any former occasion at so early a date. —*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

The Leeds Musical Festival, which is for the benefit of the medical charities of the town, and has the patronage of her Majesty the Queen, is announced to commence on October 14, and to last four days. Mdlle Tietjens and several distinguished artists of the Italian Operas have been engaged. Sir Michael Costa will act as conductor, and the band and chorus will number three hundred and fifty performers.

Self-esteem—blessed gift?—what does not the intellectual world owe to it? "Every author must have it, or how else should one ever have the courage to publish a work?" apologetically remarks a concited book-maker, and not without meaning either. For what a soothing comfort is self-esteem; what a fine atmosphere it creates around us. In it we float and soar, and no matter what others may think or say, we are content, for it finds excuses for everything—softens down each defect! "Modest merit" is good, but without self-esteem it has a hard time of it now-a-days.

Madame Adelina Patti will leave London on Aug. 1 for a month's stay at Dieppe; proceeding thence to Paris, and returning to England on September 20, for the Liverpool Festival, and four provincial concerts. On the 31st October she makes her *rentrée* at Moscow, and on the 7th December at St. Petersburg, where she will remain till the end of the season, March 7th. On the 15th March she makes her appearance at Vienna, where she remains till May 3rd, returning to England for Covent Garden on May 10th.

Mr Alfred Gilbert has been presented with a valuable present (a time-piece in alabaster), by the members of the choir of St. Mark's Church, Hamilton Terrace, upon his retirement from the post of organist, which he has held for upwards of twelve years—from the date of the ministry of the late Mr J. M. Bellows to that of the Rev. Robinson Duckworth, now Vicar. It will gratify the musical profession generally to know that one of its members has been so handsomely treated by his choir. The presentation was made by Mr R. D. Firmin and Mr Fisher.

Wiljalba Frikell, well known as having performed here for nearly 800 consecutive performances, has just arrived from the United States, where he created a perfect *furore*, and intends making his reappearance in London for a short time in September. This renowned magician returns covered with decorations from nearly every crowned head in Europe. Many astounding novelties will be introduced to surprise his old admirers. His success, when he had the honour of a command from Her Majesty to appear before her at Windsor Castle, will entitle him to a favourable reception as an old friend.

No time was lost in winding up the accounts in connection with the late festival at Hereford. The festival closed on Friday evening, September 12, and by that day week every bill was paid and a printed summary of the accounts sent to all the stewards. The audit was held at a general meeting of the stewards, and all present consented to serve in 1876. The usual vote of thanks was passed to the conductor and honorary secretary, Mr G. Townshend Smith, and the appointment of an acting committee closed the proceedings. The sum realized for the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Charity now amounts to £1,100 13s. 6d.

Madame Christine Nilsson proceeds to Paris *en route* for Coburg, where she will be the guest of the Duke and Duchess. She returns to London August 31, and will sing gratuitously at two charity concerts on Sept. 15th and 16th, for the benefit of the Jenny Lind Infirmary, at Norwich. From October 20th to December 20th she will sing at St. Petersburgh and Moscow, leaving Russia, December 20th, for the opening of the new Grand Opera House at Paris, January 1st, 1875, on which occasion she will perform Ophelia in Mr A. Thomas's *Hamlet*. At the close of her Paris engagement, Feb. 5, she proceeds to the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, where she will sing in *Hamlet* and *Faust* in the German language, returning to London early in May.

WAGNER INTRODUCED BY FORCE OF ARMS.—The morning after my arrival in Rouen, I was awakened by the sound of such music as under ordinary circumstances would never have been heard in France. A selection from *Lohengrin*, was being played by the band of an East Prussian regiment, just in front of the hotel. Here, then, was conquest symbolized in music. Nothing but a successful invasion could have brought Richard Wagner to the native city of Boieldieu; beneath whose banner the unfamiliar sounds were, at that moment, being produced. The sarcasm, however, met with very little notice from the inhabitants. Street-boys, whose curiosity and love of novelty are stronger everywhere than their patriotism, held the music sheets for their enemies; but the adult passers-by paid no more attention to the doubtful strains than did the orchestral dog who had dragged the big drum after him, from somewhere near Königsberg,* to the capital of Normandy, and who now, like a dog that had seen the world, lay down on the pavement, and calmly slept without once disturbing the general effect of the music by the unexpected *rinforzando* of a snore. It was freezing hard, and the brass instruments, pinched by the cold, were terribly hoarse. What, however, was the frost to East Prussians?—one of whom, when a shivering Frenchman complained that the thermometer marked ten degrees below freezing point, is said to have replied:—"Ten degrees? Why, in East Prussia, at ten degrees, it thaws!"—*"The Germans in France,"* by Sutherland Edwards.

An American correspondent of the *Arcadian* thus gossips about the performance of Verdi's Mass in Paris:—

"I go, you know, everywhere, '*ou va la feuille du rose, od va la feuille du laurier.*' I have been to hear the Verdi *Requiem* Mass, said for the repose of nobody's soul in a 'comic' theatre, and I can tell you the effect was very odd. It did seem out of place, and what is more, I am sure the audience would have been a good deal more brilliant had it been sung either in a church or a concert-hall. Still, there was a tremendous crowd. In the boxes were many interesting people—Madame la Baronne Vigier, *ci devant* Sophie Cravelli, one of the great *prime donne* of the century, and, perhaps, the one who possessed the noblest voice, though the least well cultivated. Madame Vigier's toilette, black, of course (almost all the ladies were in black), was very handsome, and her hair was of three different but well-matched shades of pale yellow. She certainly did look, as Madame Katazzini once politely wrote of her in her '*Matinées Italiennes*,' 'like a great Nuremberg doll.' Vigier, the Baron, was with her. Sophie Cravelli was, you are aware, the original of several of Verdi's heroines—notably of *Ernani* and the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, both of which operas were written expressly for her. Not far from Madame Vigier sat the *Sphinx*, Mdlle Croixette, who, as the greatest 'diseuse' of the day, was in her right place at a *requiem*. 'Diseuse' is a word of my own coining; it means one who dies on the stage well and is a female. On the other side of the theatre sat your new *prima donna*, Mdlle Heilbron, looking pleasant and pleased. All the staff of *Figaro*, and all the people belonging to all the papers, were there in full fig and full force. Such a crowd outside as never was seen and never will be again, please heaven, when I go to a place of public entertainment, be that entertainment a ball or a mass for the dead. Some people who wanted to get in and could not, got up an alarm outside to the effect that the Louvre was on fire, and thus cleared the theatre of a few reporters and captured their vacant places. As to the music,—as I am not a musician I shall say as little as possible about it. I, for one, was disappointed. I expected greater solemnity and more Wagner and *Alda*, and I found it all very Verdi-ish. The solo for tenor, *Ingemisco*, is lovely; so is the *Agnus Dei*. There was a great deal of applause, and yet, I think, the majority were not quite as much pleased as they expected to be. The music decidedly lacks grandeur. Madame Vigier applauded most heartily. 'La Stoltz,' and Verdi came after the mass to shake hands with his *quondam prima donna*, Sophie Cravelli, who is now one of the *très grande dames* of European high life. Madame Vigier lives at Nice, in a superb Venetian palace, built in exact fac-simile of the Moncenigo Palace on the Grand Canal. She is an excellent woman, good-hearted, kindly and hospitable. All the world knows her, and, it is not too much to say, all the world respects her, notwithstanding her eccentricities of toilette and manner. She still sings for charities, and sometimes her voice is as fine as ever; that is to say, it is, by far, the loudest and richest soprano I ever heard."

* This dog, as I afterwards learned, had been captured with his Austrian drum, at Sadowa, when, contrary to the laws of modern warfare, he was forced to enter the service of Prussia.

Signor Schira, composer of the *Lord of Burleigh*, and so many other admirable works, has gone for a short visit to Milan.

A correspondent writes:—

" You have heard of Madame Judic, who was once the star of the Eldorado, and who, by dint of beauty, a fine voice, and much talent, has pushed her way into the Opera Bouffe company. Well, the other night, Madame Judic was in her box assisting at a first performance, when lo! a tap, and gentle tap, tap, tapping came upon her (box) door. She opened it, and there entered in unto her a man-servant, with a curious present in his white cotton gloved-hands. It consisted of five red pinks stuck through a ring. Said ring was set with diamonds and cat's eyes, and is worth about £1,000. With it was a note, and the note read thus: ' Madame—I am an American. I adore, but have never spoken to you. Accept this gift from one who worships you, but is obliged to go home to his wife in Boston.—An American.' "

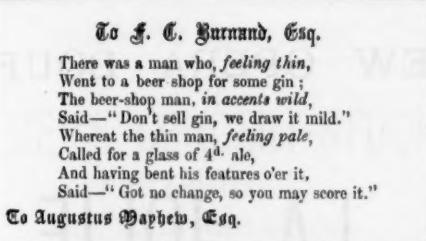
—
LISZT, LOHENGRIN, &c.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Will you kindly answer the following questions, in your notices to correspondents?—What is the proper pronunciation of "Liszt," and what was the cast of *Lohengrin* when produced last winter at Bologna and Florence?

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

[“List—list—O! list”—(*Hamlet*). Campanini was the Lohengrin.—D. P.]



ROME.—The Politeama was closed a short time since, the last opera performed there having been *Cola di Riensi*, book by Sig. Pietro Cossa, music by Sig. Parsichini.

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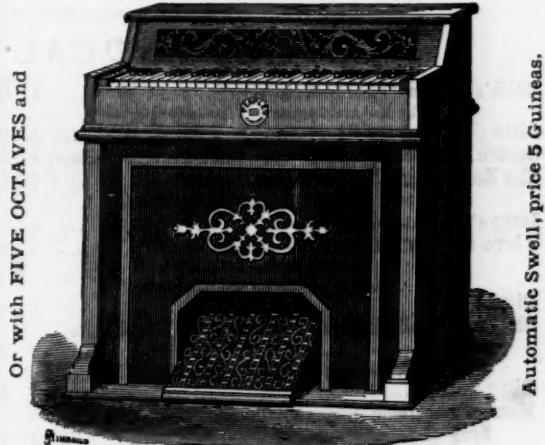
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